

THE
TURTLE
AND THE
SPARROW.
A
POEM.

By the late *MATTHEW PRIOR*, Esq;



L O N D O N :

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THE
TURTLE

WARRIOR

POEM



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B E H I N D an unfrequented Glade,
Where *Eugh* and *Myrtle* mix their Shade,
A Widow *Turtle* pensive sat,
And wept her murder'd Lover's Fate:

The *Sparrow* chanc'd that Way to walk,
(A Bird that loves to chirp and talk)
Besure he did the *Turtle* greet,
She answer'd him as she thought meet:
Sparrows and *Turtles* by the by,
Can think as well as you or I:
But how did they their Thoughts express,
The Margin shows by T. and S.

T. My Hopes are lost, my Joys are fled,
 Alas ! I weep *Columbo* dead :
 Come, all ye winged Lovers, come,
 Drop *Pinks* and *Daisies* on his Tomb :
 Sing *Philomet* his Funeral Verse,
 Ye pious *Redbreasts* deck his Herse :
 Fair Swains extend your dying Throats,
Columbo's Death requires your Notes :
 For Him, my Friends, for Him I moan,
 My dear *Columbo*, dead and gone.

Stretch'd on the Bier *Columbo* lies,
 Pale are his Cheeks, and clos'd his Eyes ;
 Those Cheeks, where Beauty smiling lay ;
 Those Eyes where Love was us'd to play :
 Ah cruel Fate, alas ! how soon
 That Beauty and those Joys are flown !

Columbo is no more, ye Floods,
 Bear the sad Sound to distant Woods ;
 The Sound let Echo's Voice restore,
 And say, *Columbo* is no more.
 Ye Floods, ye Woods, ye Echo's, moan
 My dear *Columbo*, dead and gone.

The *Dryads* all forsook the Wood,
 And mournful *Nayids* round me stood,
 The tripping *Fawns* and *Fairies* came,
 All conscious of our mutual Flame
 To sigh for him, with me to moan,
 My dear *Columbo*, dead and gone.

Venus disdain'd not to appear
 To lend my Grief a Friendly Ear ;

But

But what avails her Kindness now ?
 She ne'er shall hear my *Second Vow* :
 The *Loves* that round their Mother flew,
 Did in her Face her Sorrows view.
 Their drooping Wings they pensive hung,
 Their Arrows broke, their Bows unstrung ;
 They heard attentive what I said,
 And wept with me, *Columbo* dead :
 For Him I sigh, for Him I moan,
 My dear *Columbo*, dead and gone.

'Tis ours to weep, great *Venus* said,
 'Tis *JOVE*'s alone to be obey'd :
 Nor Birds, nor Goddesses can move
 The just Behests of Fatal *JOVE* ;
 I saw thy Mate with sad Regret,
 And curs'd the *Fowler*'s cruel Net :
 Ah, dear *Columbo*, how he fell,
 Whom *Turturella* lov'd so well !
 I saw him bleeding on the Ground,
 The Sight tore up my ancient Wound,
 And whilst you wept, alas, I cry'd,
Columbo and *Adonis* dy'd.

Weep all ye Streams, ye Mountains groan,
 I mourn *Columbo*, dead and gone ;
 Still let my tender Grief complain,
 Nor Day, nor Night that Grief restrain,
 I said, and *Venus* still reply'd,
Columbo and *Adonis* dy'd.

S. Poor *Turturella*, hard thy Case,
 And just thy Tears, alas, alas !

T. And

- T. And hast thou lov'd, and canst thou hear
 With piteous Heart a Lover's Care ?
 Come then, with Me thy Sorrows joyn,
 And ease my Woes by telling thine :
 For thou, poor Bird, perhaps may'st moan
 Some *Pascerella* dead and done.
- S. Dame *Turtle*, this runs soft in Rhime,
 But neither suits the Place nor Time ;
 That *Fowler's* Hand, whole cruel Care
 For dear *Columbo* set the Snare,
 The Snare again for thee may set ;
 Two Birds may perish in one Net.
 Thou should'st avoid this cruel Field,
 And Sorrow shou'd to Prudence yield.
 'Tis sad to dye. T. It may be so ;
 'Tis sadder yet to live in Woe.
- S. When Widows use this canting Strain,
 They seem resolv'd to wed again.
- T. When Widdowers would this Truth disprove,
 They never tasted real Love.
- S. Love is soft Joy and gentle Strife,
 His Efforts all depend on Life :
 When he has thrown two Golden Darts,
 And struck the Lovers mutual Hearts ;
 Of his black Shafts let Death send One
 Alas ! The pleasing Game is done,
 Ill is the poor Survivor sped,
 A Corps feels mighty cold in Bed.
Venus said right, nor Tears can move,
 Nor Complaints revoke the Will of *JOVE*.

All must obey the general Doom,
 Down from *Alcides* to *Tom Thumb*.
 Grim *Pluto* will not be withstood
 By Force or Craft; tall *Robinhood*
 As well as *Little John* is dead.
 (You see how deeply I am read)
 With *Fate's* lean *Tipstaff* none can dodge,
 He'll find you out where e'er you lodge.
Ajax to shun his general Pow'r
 In vain absconded in a Flower.
 An idle Scene *Tythonus* acted,
 When to a *Grashopper* contracted:
 Death struck them in those Shapes again,
 As once he did when they were Men.
 For Reptils perish, Plants decay,
 Flesh is but Grass, Grass turns to Hay,
 And Hay to Dung, and Dung to Clay.
 Thus Heads extreamly nice discover,
 That Folks may dye some ten Times over;
 But oft by too refin'd a Touch
 To prove Things plain they prove too much.
 What e'er *Pythagoras* may say,
 (For each you know will have his Way)
 With great Submission I pronounce,
 That People dye no more than once:
 But once is sure, and Death is common
 To *Bird* and *Man* including *Woman*.
 From the Spread *Eagle* to the *Wren*,
 Alas! no Mortal Fowl knows when;
 All that wear Feathers first or last,
 Must one Day perch on *Charon's Mast*;

Must lye beneath the *Cypress* Shade,
 Where *Strada's Nightingale* was laid.
 Those Fowl who seem alive to sit
 Assembl'd by *Dan Chaufer's Wit*,
 In Prose have slept Three hundred Years,
 Exempt from worldly Hopes and Fears,
 And laid in State upon their Herse,
 Are truly but embalm'd in Verse.
 As sure as *Lesbia's Sparrow* I,
 Thou sure as *Prior's Dove* must die :
 And ne'er again from *Lethe's Streams*
 Return to *Adige* or to *Thames*.

T. I therefore weep *Columbo* dead,
 My Hopes bereav'd my Pleasures fled ;
 I therefore must for ever moan
 My dear *Columbo*, dead and gone.

S. *Columbo* never sees your Tears,
 Your Cries *Columbo* never hears ;
 A Wall of *Brass* and one of *Lead*,
 Divide the Living from the Dead.
 Repell'd by this the gather'd Rain
 Of Tears beats back to Earth again
 In t'other the collected Sound
 Of Groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd,
 'Tis therefore vain one Hour to grieve
 What Time it self can ne'er retrieve
 By Nature soft, I know, a *Dove*
 Can never live without her Love ;
 Then quit this Flame, and light another ;
 Dame, I advise you like a Brother.

T. What,

T. What, I to make a second Choice ?
In other Nuptials to rejoyce ?

S. Why not my Bird ? T. No Sparrow, no,
Let me indulge my pleasing Woe :
Thus sighing, coeing, ease my Pain,
But never wish nor love again :
Distress'd for ever let me moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

S. Our winged Friends thro' all the Grove
Contemn thy mad Excess of Love :
I tell thee, Dame, the t'other Day
I met a Parrot and a Jay,
Who mock'd thee in their mimick Tone,
And wept Columbo, dead and gone.

T. What e'er the Jay or Parrot said,
My Hopes are lost, my Joys are fled ;
And I for ever must deplore
Columbo dead and gone. ----- S. Encore !
For Shame forsake this B I O N-Style,
We'll talk an Hour, and walk a Mile.
Does it with Sense or Health agree,
To sit thus moping on a Tree ?
To throw away a Widow's Life,
When you again may be a Wife.

Come on, I'll tell you my Amours ;
Who knows but they may influence Yours ?
Example draws where Precept fails,
And Sermons are less read than Tales.

T. Sparrow, I take thee for my Friend,
As such will hear thee, I descend ;

Hop on and talk, but honest Bird,
 Take care that no immodest Word
 May venture to offend my Ear -----

S. Too Saint-like *Turtle* never fear -----
 By Method Things are best discours'd,
 Begin we then with *Wife* the first :
 A handsome, senseless, awkward Fool
 Who wou'd not yield, and cou'd not rule :
 Her Actions did her Charms disgrace,
 And still her Tongue talk'd off her Face :
 Count me the Leaves on yonder Tree,
 So many different Wills had she,
 And like the Leaves, as Chance inclin'd,
 Those Wills were chang'd with every Wind :
 She courted the *Beau Monde* To-night
L' Assemblée her supreme Delight.
 The next she sat immur'd, unseen,
 And in full Health enjoy'd the Spleen.
 She censur'd *that*, she alter'd *this*,
 And with great Care set all amiss ;
 She now cou'd chide, now laugh, now cry,
 Now sing, now pout, all, God knows why :
 Short was her Reign, she cough'd and dy'd,
 Proceed we to my Second Bride ;
 Well born she was, gent'ly bred,
 And Buxom both at Board and Bed,
 Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to please,
 And, as *Tom Southern* wisely says,
 " No other Fault had she in Life,
 " But only that she was a *WIFE*".
 Oh *Widow-Turtle*, every she,
 (So *Nature's* Pleasure does decree)

Appears

Appears a Goddess till enjoy'd,
 But Birds, and Men, and Gods are cloy'd:
 Was *Hercules* one Woman's Man?
 Or *Jove* for ever *Leda's Swan*?
 Ah! Madam, cease to be mistaken,
 Few marry'd Fowl peck *Dunmow Bacon*:
 Variety alone gives Joy,
 The sweetest Meats the soonest cloy:
 What *Sparrow-Dame*, what *Dove* alive,
 Tho' *Venus* shou'd the Chariot drive,
 But wou'd accuse the Harness-Weight,
 If always coupled to one Mate;
 And often with the Fetter broke?
 'Tis Freedom but to change the Yoke.

T. Impious to wish to wed again,
 E'er Death dissolv'd the former Chain:

S. Spare your Remark, and hear the rest,
 She brought me Sons, but *Jove* be blest,
 She dy'd on Child-Bed on the Nest.
 Well, rest her Bones, quoth I, she's gone:
 But must I therefore lye alone?
 What, am I to her Memory ty'd?
 Must I not live, because she dy'd?
 And thus I *Logically* said,
 ('Tis good to have a reasoning Head)
 Is this my Wife? *Probatur*, not;
 For Death dissolv'd the Marriage-Knot:
 She was, *Concedo*, during Life;
 But, is a Piece of Clay a Wife?

D

Again,

Again, if not a *Wife*, d'y' see,
Why then no Kin at all to me :
And he who general Tears can shed
For Folks that happen to be dead,
May e'en with equal Justice mourn
For those who never yet were born.

T. Those Points indeed you quaintly prove,
But *Logick* is no Friend to Love.

S. My Children then were just pen-feather'd ;
Some little Corn for them I gather'd,
And sent them to my Spouse's Mother,
So left that Brood to get another.
And as Old *Harry* whilome said,
Reflecting on *Anne Bullen* dead,
Cocksbones, I now again do stand
The jolliest Batchelor i'th' Land.

T. Ah me ! my Joys, my Hopes are fled ;
My first, my only Love is dead.
With endless Grief let me bemoan
Columbo's Loss. S. Let me go on.
As yet my Fortune was but narrow,
I woo'd my Cousen *Philly Sparrow*,
O'th' Elder House of *Chirping-End*,
Whence the younger Branch descend ;
Well seated in a Field of *Pease*
She liv'd, extreamly at her Ease :
But when the Honey-Moon was past,
The following Nights were soon o'ercast,
She kept her own, could plead the Law,
And quarrel for a *Barley-Straw* ;

Both,

Both, you may judge became the less kind,
 As more we knew each other's Mind :
 She soon grew fullen, I hard-hearted,
 We scolded, hated, fought, and parted.
 To *LONDON*, blessed Town, I went;
 She Boarded at a Farm in *Kent* :
 A *Magpye* from the Country fled,
 And kindly told me she was dead :
 I prun'd my Feathers, cock'd my Tail,
 And set my Heart again to Sale.

My Fourth, a meer Cocquet, or such
 I thought her, nor avails it much
 If true or false, our Troubles spring
 More from the Fancy than the Thing:
 Two staring Horns, I often said,
 But ill become a *Sparrow's* Head ;
 But then, to set that Balance even,
 Your *Cuckold-Sparrow* goes to Heaven.
 The Thing you fear, suppose it done,
 If you enquire you make it known.
 Whilst at the Root your Horns are sore,
 The more you scratch, they ach the more:
 But turn the Tables and reflect,
 All may not be that you suspect :
 By the Mind's Eye, the Horns we mean
 Are only in Ideas seen,
 'Tis from the Inside of the Head
 Their Branches shoot, their Antlers spread ;
 Fruitful Suspicions often bear them,
 You feel 'em from the Time you fear 'em.

Cuckoo !

Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! that Echo'd Word,
 Offends the Ear of Vulgar Bird ;
 But those of finer Taste have found
 There's Nothing in't beside the Sound.
 Preferment always waits on Horns,
 And Household Peace the Gift adorns :
 This Way or that let Factions tend,
 The Spark is still the Cuckold's Friend ;
 This Way or that let Madam roam,
 Well pleas'd and quiet she comes home.
 Now weigh the Pleasure with the Pain,
 The *Plus* and *Minus*, Loss and Gain,
 And what *Lafontaine* laughing says,
 Is serious Truth, in such a Case ;
 Who flights the Evil finds it least,
 And who does Nothing does the best.
 I never strove to rule the Roast,
 She ne'er refus'd to pledge my Toast :
 In Visits if we chanc'd to meet,
 I seem'd obliging, she discreet ;
 We neither much caress'd nor strove,
 But good Dissembling pass'd for Love.

T. What e'er of Light our Eye may know,
 'Tis only Light it self can show :
 What e'er of Love our Heart can feel,
 'Tis mutual Love alone can tell.

S. My pretty, amorous, foolish Bird,
 A Moment's Patience, in one Word,
 The Three kind Sisters broke the Chain;
 She dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.

T. Let me with juster Grief deplore
 My dear *Columbo*, now no more ;

Let

Let me with constant Tears bewail -----

S. Your Sorrow does but spoil my Tale.
 My Fifth she prov'd a jealous Wife,
 Lord shield us all from such a Life !
 'Twas Doubt, Complaint, Reply, Chit-Chat,
 'Twas this To-Day, To-morrow that.
 Sometimes forsooth upon the Brook,
 I kept a Miss ; an honest Rook
 Told it a Snipe, who told a Stear,
 Who told it those, who told it her.
 One Day a Lennet and a Lark
 Had met me strolling in the Dark ;
 The next a Woodcock and an Owl
 Quick-sighted, grave, and sober Fowl,
 Wou'd on their Corp'oral Oath alledge,
 I kiss'd a Hen behind the Hedge.
 Well, Madam Turtle, to be brief,
 (Repeating but renews our Grief)
 As once she watch'd me, from a Rail,
 Poor Soul ! her Footing chanc'd to fail,
 And down she fell, and broke her Hip,
 The Feaver came, and then the Pip :
 Death did the only cure apply ;
 She was at quiet, so was I.

T. Cou'd Love unmov'd these Changes view ?
 His Sorrows, as his Joys, are true.

S. My dearest Dove, one wise Man says,
 Alluding to our present Case,
 We're here To-day, and gone To-morrow :
 Then what avails superfluous Sorrow ?
 Another full as wise as he
 Adds that a marry'd Man may see

Two happy Hours; and which are they ?
 The First and Last, perhaps you'll say ;
 'Tis true, when blith she goes to Bed,
 And when she peaceably lies dead ;
Women 'twixt Sheets are best 'tis said,
Be they of Holland or of Lead.

Now cur'd of *Hymen's* Hopes and Fears,
 And sliding down the Vale of Years,
 I hop'd to fix my future Rest,
 And took a *Widow* to my Nest.
 Ah *Turtle* ! had she been like thee,
 Sober, yet gentle ; wise, yet free ;
 But she was peevish, noisy, bold,
 A Witch engrafted on a Scold :
Jove in *Pandora's* Box confin'd
 A Hundred Ills to vex Mankind ;
 To vex one Bird in her Bandore
 He hid at least a hundred more :
 And soon as Time that Veil withdrew
 The Plagues o'er all the Parish flew ;
 Her Stock of borrow'd Tears grew dry,
 And Native Tempests arm'd her Eye,
 Black Clouds around her Forehead hung,
 And Thunder rattl'd on her Tongue.
 We, Young or Old, or Cock or Hen,
 All liv'd in *Æolus's* Den ;
 The nearest her the more accurst,
 Ill far'd her Friends, her Husband worst.
 But *JOVE* amidst his Anger spares,
 Remarks our Faults, but hears our Pray'rs.
 In short, she dy'd, why then she's dead
 Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.

Wou'd

Wou'd Heaven this Mourning Year was past,
 One may have better Luck at last.
 Matters at worst are sure to mend,
 The *DEVIL's Wife* was but a *Fiend*:

T. Thy Tale has rais'd a *Turtle's Spleen*,
 Uxorious Inmate, Bird obscene,
 Dar'st thou defile these sacred Groves,
 These silent Seats of faithful Loves ?
 Begone, with flagging Wings set down
 On some old *Pent-house* near the Town ;
 In *Brewers-Stables* peck thy Grain,
 Then wash it down with puddl'd Rain :
 And hear thy dirty Off-spring Squawl
 From Bottles on a Suburb Wall.
 Where thou hast been return again,
 Vile Bird, thou hast convers'd with Men ;
 Notions like these from Men are giv'n,
 Those vilest Creatures under Heav'n :
 To Cities and to Courts repair,
 Flatt'ry and Falshood flourish there :
 There all thy wretched Arts employ,
 Where Riches triumph over Joy ;
 Where Passions does with Int'rest barter,
 And *Hymen* holds by *Mammon's* Charter ;
 Where Truth by Point of Law is parry'd,
 And *Knaves* and *Prudes* are Six Times marry'd.

F I N I S.

